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The blossoms smelled like noon, and shone
In crimson patines on the dark.
And—wonder! Caroling alone
In sky of night, I heard a lark!"

The poems "Courage," "Errantry," "Time," "The Soul," and "The Prayer" maintain the high standard set by the first poem, in both concept and expression.

THE TERRIBLE MEEK. By CHARLES RANN KENNEDY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1912.

What a wave of humanitarian emotion is sweeping through the world! All the younger men are confining utterance to republishing the Sermon on the Mount. That great bit of literature is really being discovered all over again and with a great rush of enthusiasm! Not only John Galsworthy, John Masefield, Rudolph Besier, and Granville Barker are hymning loud and long the sacredness of human life and the beauties of neighborly love, but Rann Kennedy has produced a new *Servant in the House*. His *Terrible Meek* is a good play for reading, whatever it may be for acting. Through the dark we are supposed to hear three voices speaking—that of a common soldier, that of an army officer, and that of a bereft mother whose son is hanging dead over the heads of the speakers. The soldier's point of view is that he has proven himself a man and a soldier by obeying orders, and has as a side issue gotten something out of it, as, when they bargained for the dead man's raiment, he got his boots. The captain questions his conscience as to his right to obey orders when he carries out a sentence without knowing why he does it, and the mother laments a dead son, as to the end of time mothers will lament sons.

"He wasn't particular, my son: He would go with anybody. He loved them so. There wasn't a drunken bibber in the place, nor a lozel, nor a thief, not a loose woman on the streets, but called him brother. He would eat with them, drink with them, go to their parties. He would go with grand folk too, gentlemen. He wasn't particular."

Any one acquainted with the range of Rann Kennedy's mind ought to know at this juncture what to expect next. As the mother moans the captain comes to a fuller and fuller sense of what his part in the event is. Also he realizes that it is not those who kill, not the greedy, the grasping, the tyrannical, who possess life; it is not the proud, the idle, the wealthy; but the meek, the terrible meek who love that have gained a kingdom never to pass away.

When the darkness lifts after all this talk of twentieth-century Britons we are supposed to see a barren hill and upon it three crosses, while the crouching woman at the foot of the cross is in Eastern garb; the captain is a Roman centurion, and the soldier a Roman Legionary. That this dénouement should be considered irreverent is only one of the illogical absurdities of modern life. To plead for respect of life in the name of Christ is never blasphemous, no matter where it is done. His doctrine is pure enough to be heard in a theater or on the streets. There will always be those whose reverence is such that they cannot hear Christ's name with any comfort until they have adjusted their minds and ward-

robes to a Sunday habit and taken the accustomed seat in a pew. But these, after all, are the Christians whom Christ himself would never recognize. They are so far distant from Him that they only think of Him under elaborately prepared conditions.

The protest which Rann Kennedy is making in his play is the same that Tolstoy lived and died for, and it is that which all thinking men of to-day are advancing. All of this feeling can hardly pass without having some effect upon the great, whirling organism we call life. It is said that copies of this play are to be sent to all the rulers upon earth. Its effectiveness will not depend upon the impression it makes upon them, but upon its appeal to average man. It is not the so-called rulers who order the earth, but the simple folk, the Meek, the terrible Meek.

AMERICAN ADDRESSES. By JOSEPH H. CHOATE. New York: The Century Company, 1911.

This volume contains a selection from among the numerous addresses which the versatile and brilliant author has, from time to time, delivered in this country on special occasions, such as the unveiling of statues, commemorations of various kinds, the opening of sanitary fairs, club receptions, the meetings of the Harvard Alumni, the New England Society, and the American, New York, and Chicago Bar Associations.

Felicitous they all are—in thought and expression alike. The lighter addresses are invariably illuminated by playful humor, graceful urbanity, charming badinage, and kindly irony. Through them all runs the spirit of the finest literary culture; and they are also notable for a lofty tone born of great elevation of view as well as of an unconscious and unobtrusive sense of integrity, which can never really grow old-fashioned, but which somehow seems to belong to a past age. This quality is particularly observable in the addresses delivered before the members of the profession which Mr. Choate has so signally adorned. He was, however, never more felicitous than in the address which he delivered at the reception to Lord Houghton. His speech on that occasion was a model of graceful compliment without a trace of fulsomeness. Equally happy, too, were the addresses delivered at college commencements, where the humor, wit, geniality, sympathy, and culture of the speaker had the fullest scope for their display.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

Strindberg is the first of living writers in Sweden, and is said to have raised modern Swedish to its utmost potency of beauty and power. Of the charm of his idiom we can of course gain no conception from the translation. Although the translator's work is better done than is usual, style and individuality are not translatable. Strindberg himself has approved this translation as well as the choice of plays contained in the volume.

It takes a little wrench always to move ourselves from our own traditions and environment to a foreign one. The inevitable difficulty is heightened in these plays by the use of a difficult symbolism and the unprecedented depravity of the characters. The biographical notice sheds much light on this matter as well as on the method of writing.